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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

Possessions.—We propose to publish a weekly newspaper with the above named title subject to the rules and regulations of Adjutant E. C. KINSLEY, Provost Marshal of this Parish. This journal will be printed and published solely by members of the 159th Reg't N. Y. Vols.; Company D. of that Regiment, is now stationed here as a Provost Guard for the Parish of Lafourche.

Like all other newspapers, it will contain the latest news. It will be independent in politics. We expect numerous contributions from the talented pen of Lt. Col. A. J. H. DUGANNE, and from other Officers and men of the 159th.

We hope to make this paper interesting and valuable to both citizens and soldiers, and also in various ways useful to the Department of the Gulf.

Upon our arrival in this city we found this establishment in the possession of the former publishers of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and ascertained that they were about to return to their respective commands. The thought occurred to us, that with proper efforts, a journal might be established which would benefit the citizens as an official organ,—publishing the orders of the Provost Marshal affecting their interests and their relations with the Government; and also prove interesting to the soldiers, as a medium through which they could obtain the important news of each week, and which could be sent as a curiosity sheet for their friends at home.

Here, where newspapers are not readily obtained, and where the mind pants after something more than "thoughts of home," or the mere gossip of the camp to satisfy its appetite, reading matter is always welcome. Knowing and feeling this and with not the most promising inducements offered us, we have started this enterprise with the hope that it will be well supported by the reading public.

As to its dress and appearance, we are compelled to make it conform to the means at our command. The office being suddenly vacated some months since by the rebel proprietors, and subsequently ransacked by thoughtless soldiers, we found remaining of a once good establishment, a few "forms" standing, the type "piled" in cases and on galleys,

presses out of order, and the whole concern in sublime confusion.

We offer as an apology for the appearance of this our first issue, that we were unable to obtain proper paper in time for publication; and as to our meagre news, that we have not yet completed our arrangements for obtaining intelligence. We trust that our next issue will be more satisfactory.

This paper is "printed" no type for merely used, in publishing the "Confederate Banner," a weekly Journal of this city. We find in the office a form still standing, dated Oct. 25, 1862, which contains the following:

STARTLING NEWS!

20,000 Yankees and Eight Gunboats near DONALDSONVILLE!!!

A Great Fight Anticipated!

We stop the press to announce to the citizens of Thibodaux the startling intelligence that over 20,000 of Blair Butler's hirelings came up the river in transports last night, and at daylight commenced to disembark. They were conveyed by eight large gunboats, who immediately commenced shelling the town, without giving the defenseless women and children the slightest warning of their diabolical intention. Their land force formed in two columns and moved rapidly on the town.

Our informant states that General Menton has concentrated his forces near the Bayou, three miles this side of Donaldsonville, where he intends to give the wretches a warm reception. The General says he is confident of gaining a glorious victory, and, to use his own words, "will send as many of them to hell as possible."

They were engaged, the greater part of last night in throwing up intrenchments.

The boys are all in good spirits and anxious for the fight.

Another despatch from the scene of action is momentarily expected. We shall issue an extra when it arrives, giving a more detailed account than we are able to to-day.

One word more before we go to press. Should our gallant soldiers be driven from their position by superior numbers, (for the enemy has four times our number,) it would be necessary to make a final stand either at Napoleonville or Thibodaux; and we now call upon the citizens of the parishes of Assumption and Lafourche, who have not enrolled themselves in the militia, to shoulder their guns, form themselves into companies, and be ready to strike a blow for their altars and their homes, God, and their native land.

As many of our readers may have forgotten the circumstances attending the occupation of this portion of Louisiana, we will state the facts:

Gen. Weitzel, with his brigade of about four thousand men, left Carrollton, a few miles above New Orleans Oct. 21st, and landed on the

morning of the 25th seven miles below Donaldsonville, and marched on to the town. The cavalry in advance took possession of the place, and about 50 prisoners, most of whom were paroled. The next day our forces advanced down the bayou in the direction of Thibodaux, and on the following morning came up with the Confederates, who, after a brief resistance were completely routed.

The beneficial effects of the orders from the Sequestration Commission of February 5th and 6th published on our first page, are everywhere observable in this Parish and we doubt not in districts elsewhere in the State. Hundreds of Negroes who for the past two or three months have led an idle and vagabond life, supported at Government expense, are now returning to their respective homes and are working with commendable faithfulness. Could this system be carried out in every Parish the sugar crop would nearly if not quite equal the crop of former favorable years. In returning Negroes we have heard of no violations of the contract signed by the Planters, they simply insist that its conditions be faithfully observed by the Provost Marshals in the rendition of fugitives.

The advance of the reinforcements ordered in this section commenced to arrive here on Tuesday evening last. Portions of the 91st and 159th N. Y. S. Vols. were quartered in town. The field officers were entertained by Provost Marshal Kinsley, and the line officers by Capt. G. P. Howe, commanding the Provost Guard. The acquaintances thus formed were of the most agreeable character, and served to lighten the usual monotony of the place. On Wednesday the main body passed through the city to their destination.

Nim's celebrated brass battery excited universal admiration. Many of the inhabitants of Thibodaux turned out to witness the martial array, and from the index character of the men we believe there was remain an excuse for fear from future movements in this section of the country. During the stay of the soldiers in this place the most orderly conduct was observed.

Died.—On Wednesday April 1, 1863, Lieut. LAWRENCE, Co. H, 176th Reg't N. Y. V. of Fever. The body was sent home in charge of Lieut. GREENE of the same Company, resigned.

but the son had inherited none of their nobler traits.

A shrewd schemer, a cowardly plotter, and a selfish, unscrupulous man, St. Maur had lived thirty years, and not done one worthy deed. The name and influence of his uncle had obtained for him a captain's commission, but, the tap of the drum and the drum and the fume of gunpowder always drove the watery blood from his cheeks. Glad to forsake the field for the carpet, he had returned to his uncle's to push his suit for the heart and hand of Clara Daimont. But he met blank repulse; for both were already pledged to the brave and handsome William Aver, a young man of noble character and rising fame. Had he dared St. Maur would have fought his rival for the prize; but his craven soul instinctively shrank from a combat with the young Tennessee. St. Maur had already enough wealth to content any but a mercenary spirit, but grasping eagerly for more, and infatuated with the beauty of his cousin, he would have sold his salvation to call her and her fortune his own.

When left by his uncle in the parlor, as we related, he hurried from the house with a throbbing heart and burning brain. He had not dreamed that the marriage was to be so sudden; and all that day he had prayed to the evil spirits he worshipped to guide lead or steel to the heart of his rival. Now he saw him return triumphant, a victor and a bridegroom! He hastened to do what his mind had long been plotting. Five minutes had passed he stood in the private office of an apothecary and chemist, a lean and withered old miser, who looked upon all mankind as so many vermin, deeming gold the only valuable creature on earth, so rich, repulsive, and St. Maur believed it. Who can explain the insanity of such averment? for Carlo Berbi made no use of his wealth save to gloat over it in grim solitude.

"I have come for the almond," said Henry, as the chemist raised his small black eyes to him.

"Have you brought the price, young man?"

Henry threw a purse upon the table. Carlo counted out the yellow coins, one by one, trying the weight and ring of each, until he had numbered a hundred.

"Right," said he, as he swept them into his pouch, and stowed that into his bosom. "Only wish I could sell a sack of double almonds at that price."

Carlo Berbi then produced a large almond, neatly halved, and containing two kernels, one of which was chipped at each end.

"Whoever swallows this," said the Italian, holding up the marked almond, "does himself no harm; but I would not let you who shall eat the other. Do not make a mistake!"

"Never fear," said Henry, as the chemist placed the halves together. "But how long does it take to effect its purpose?"

"Three hours, and leaves no trace, my young friend. You ordered this to be made ready three weeks ago and as you had not called for it, I began to think your heart had failed."

"The time had not arrived," said Henry, as he placed the almond in his vest. "But tell me, old man, have we not met before?"

"Where, until three weeks since?"

"In Italy, where I lived some five years ago. There, I am an— a long in

your voice that reminds me of some one that I once knew in Rome," said Henry St. Maur.

"Ah! I had a relative there; perhaps you know her," said Carlo, gazing sharply in his face. "She was very beautiful, all said, and her name was Bianca, the Flower Girl!"

St. Maur grew ashy pale, but in a moment replied: "I have seen her. What has become of her?"

"She is dead! She gave her love to some young and heartless villain. He deserted her, and she had died some twelve months or so ago. The destroyer of her young life was a German Count, I have heard. He had left Rome three or four years before Bianca died in my arms. I wish I could find the scoundrel! So long as Bianca lived she loved him, but now that she is no more, I think that I would give all my gold to have an Italian's vengeance!"

"And justly, too," said Henry, the reprobat. "Well, good night."

"Good night, my young friend. Do not eat the unmarked almond."

"Not I, indeed," laughed the heartless Henry, as he turned and sped rapidly away.

When he again stood in the uncle's house, it was thronged with guests, among whom he was soon scattering jest and compliment.

"Ha!" said his old uncle, as he met him near the center of the main parlor, "you are a laggard again. William and Clara became man and wife just five minutes since."

"I claim a kiss from the bride," said Henry, as he saluted the new-made wife, and then grasped the hand of the happy husband.

"I wish you a hundred years of marital joy, Cousin Clara—and you too, William," said he, with smiling lips and devil's heart; and all that joyous evening, who sang so gay as Henry St. Maur?

At length the festive time came on and sparkling wine and wit, over foisted cake and dainty viands, ruled the hour. Then said Henry St. Maur, as he filled a plate with almonds, "Come, cousin Will, since we are newly-made husbands, eat a philopona with me; and who loses shall forfeit to the bride."

"Agreed," laughed the joyous bridegroom. Seek a double almond."

"Ah! I am sure I have one here," said Henry, crushing the almond for which he had paid in gold. "This is yours now—we eat together, and forfeit singly."

All unsuspecting, the gallant young warrior, nerved death than when British bullets had fanned his manly cheek that morn, ate the unmarked almond kernel; while St. Maur, half suspicious of the act, as there were the guilty throbbings of his heart, swallowed the other kernel.

Two hours after, when Henry stood aloof, watching the bride and her spouse as they moved in grace and joy in the lively dance, a servant approached him and told him some one wished to see him at the street door. Henry impatiently followed the call, for he had hoped to see that handsome face grow deadly pale, that manly form relaxed in sudden death, and to hear the crash of his rival's fall, at the very feet of his blooming, blushing bride. He found Carlo Berbi at the door.

"You did not eat the unmarked

kernel?" asked the old Italian, eagerly.

"No, I ate the one chipped at the ends," replied the traitor.

"It is well," said Carlo. "Now go read this," and, as he spoke, he placed a billet in his hand and hurried away.

Carelessly, for his mind was upon the bridegroom, Henry St. Maur opened the note as he entered the hall again and read these words:

"With her last breath, Bianca told me the name of her destroyer. She knew not what she told, for delirium ruled her speech. She said the true name of the pretended German Count was Henry St. Maur, of New Orleans. I sought that villain—I found him in your very likeness, so long worn on the bosom of Bianca, galled me in my search. Bianca is avenged, for Henry St. Maur shall not live to see to-morrow's sun. He has swallowed the poisoned almond!"

"BIANCA'S FATHER!" How pale, how ghastly looked Henry St. Maur then! That sight so pitiable as the traitor struggled by his own treachery! He said not a word. He fled to the house of the chemist; the door was barred, he clamored in vain. When the next day came, the corpse of Henry St. Maur lay cold and stark upon the ground, and the letter which the boy had grasped, revealed the mystery.

Bianca's father was never more seen in New Orleans. His task was done.

NEVER HEARTY TO A ROOM.—If the most virtuous are those who pretend to have been strongly enticed by their vices before submitting, we could better say that the soldier, who suffered all the agony of terror, and bravely defied the enemy, is more worthy of esteem than the soldier who, without fear and without resistance, remained firm at his post. The bravest is he who does not hesitate before danger; the most upright he who does not hesitate to do that which is right. How then in other circumstances, would not the most virtuous be he who has straggled before succumbing, and not he who remained pure?

The best part of human qualities is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters; the desire to be early and please others—cultivate of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent, to possess these qualities; the bravest, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling enable the most stirring actions.

An exchange says that, as babies are a sort of marriage certificate, under the new law, it will be necessary to have adequate stamp affixed to them.

The following advertisement appeared in an exchange:—

"Made their escape—a husband's afflictions. They disappeared immediately on seeing his wife with her hands unwarmed at breakfast."

The red cheeks, the white teeth and the blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need light under.

Nature gives merit; but good fortune sets it to work.